POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS:

VIZ.

WALLER's Anniversary on the Government of the LORD PROTECTOR, *ANNO* 1655.

A

Pastoral Courtship, *&c.*

LONDON: Printed by *H. P.* for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane.* 1717.

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PREFACE.

IF the Reader has the Curiosity to desire some Account of the following POEMS; I see no Reason why he may not be gratify'd. The Anniversary on the Government of CROMWELL has too much the peculiar Air, and Features of the Great Man it challenges for its Parent, to leave any Room to question its being Legitimate; and whoever was formerly acquainted with Mr. WALLER, will easily recollect him at Sight.

The

The reſt are all as old, or older; and ſhould it be objected, that many of them have loſt the Memory of their Authors; as this Circumſtance is a Conſequence of their Antiquity, who knows but it may be a valuable Imperfection? 'Tis upon a Preſumption of their having never yet appear'd in Print, that they do ſo now. Should there be a Miſtake in that Point, as to any one of them; the Miſdemeanour is, however, committed with the good Intention of pleaſuring the Publick, and 'tis hop'd the reſt are ſuch as may more than make an Apology.

If the Reader takes a Kindneſs to theſe; 'tis an even Lay but he hears farther from ſome others of the ſame Age, and Family.

WAL-

Waller's Anniverſary
ON THE
GOVERNMENT
OF
His Highneſs,
THE
LORD PROTECTOR.
Anno 1655.

PREFACE.

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OF

His Highness,

THE

LORD PROTECTOR

Anno 1655.

WALLER'S ANNIVERSARY ON THE GOVERNMENT, &c.

LIKE the vain Curlings of the watry Maze,
Which in smooth Streams a sinking weight does raise:
So Man declining always disappears
In the weak Circles of Increasing Years;
And his short Tumults of themselves compose,
While flowing Time above his Head does close.

CROMWELL alone with greater Vigour runs
(Sun-like) the Stages of ſucceeding Suns:
And ſtill the Day, which He doth next Reſtore,
Is the juſt Wonder of the Day before.
CROMWELL alone does with new Luſtre ſpring,
And ſhines the Jewel of the yearly Ring:
'Tis He the force of ſcatter'd Time contracts,
And in one Year, the Work of Ages acts:
While heavy Monarchs in wide Orbits ſhine,
Like *Saturn* ſlow, and as his Beams malign;
And tho' they all *Platonick* Years ſhou'd reign,
In the ſame Poſture would be found again:
Their earthy Projects under Ground they lay,
More ſlow, and brittle than the *China* Clay.
Well may they ſtrive to leave them to their Son,
For one thing never was by one King done.

Yet ſome more active, for a frontier Town,
Taken by Proxy, begs a falſe Renown.

Another

Another Triumphs at the Publick Coſt,
And will have won, cauſe He no more has loſt.
They fight by others, but in Perſon wrong,
And only are againſt their Subjects ſtrong.
Their other Wars ſeem but a feign'd Conteſt,
This common Enemy is ſtill Oppreſt.
If Conquerors, on them they turn their Might:
If Conquered, on them they turn their Spight.
No other Care they have of Things above,
But with *Aſtrologers* divine, and *Jove*,
To know how long their Planet yet Reprieves,
From the deſerved Fate, their Guilty Lives.
Thus, Image-like, on uſeleſs Time they tell,
And with vain Sceptre ſtrike the Hourly Bell;
Nor more contribute to the State of Things,
Than wooden Head unto the Viol Strings.

While Indefatigable CROMWELL Hyes,
And cuts his way ſtill nearer to the Skies,

Learning a Muſick in the Region clear,
To tune this Lower to the higher Sphere.
So when *Amphion* did the Lute command,
Which the God gave Him with his gentle Hand,
The Rougher Stones into his Meaſure hew'd,
Danc'd up in Order from the Quarries rude;
This took a lower, that a higher Place,
As He the Treble alter'd, or the Baſe.
No Note He ſtruck, but a new Stone was lay'd,
And the great Work aſcended while he play'd.
The Liſtning Structure he with Wonder Ey'd,
And ſtill new Stops to various time apply'd.
Now thro' the Strings, a Martial Rage he throws,
And joyning ſtreight, the *Theban* Tower aroſe;
Then, as he ſtrokes them with a Touch more ſweet,
The flocking Marbles in a Palace meet.
But yet he moſt the graver Notes did try,
Therefore the Temples rais'd their Columns high:
Such was that wondrous Order, and Concent,
When CROMWELL Tun'd the Ruling Inſtrument;

While

While tedious States-men many Years did Hack,
Framing a Liberty that ſtill went back:
Whoſe num'rous Gorge cou'd ſwallow in an Hour,
That Iſland which the Sea could not devour.
Then our *Amphion* iſſues out, and ſings,
And once he Struck, and twice, the powerful Strings.

The Common-Wealth then ſet together came,
And each one enter'd in the willing Frame.
All other Matter yields, and may be rul'd;
But, who the Stubborn Minds of Men can build?
No Quarry bears a Stone ſo hardly wrought,
Nor with ſuch Labour from its Center brought.
None to be ſunk in the Foundation bends,
Each in the Houſe the higheſt Place contends;
And each the Hand that lays him, will direct,
But ſome fall back upon the Architect.
Yet all, Compos'd by his attractive Song,
Into the animated City Throng.

The Common-wealth, He does the Center call,
Thence draws the Circle of the Publick Wall.
The crosſeſt Spirits here, do take their Part,
Faſtning the Contignation which they Thwart;
And they, when Nature leads them to divide,
Uphold this One, and that the other Side.
But the moſt Equal ſtill ſuſtain the Height,
And they, as Pillars, keep the Work upright;
While the Reſiſtance of oppoſed Minds,
The Fabrick, as with Arches, ſtronger binds.
When on the Baſis of a Senate free,
Knit by the Roof, protecting Weights agree;
When for his Foot, He thus a Place has found,
He hurls e're ſince the *World* about him round;
And in his ſeveral Aſpects, like a Star,
Here ſhines in Peace, and thither ſhoots in War;
While, by his Beams, obſerving Princes Steer,
And wiſely court the Influence they Fear.

And wou'd they rather, by his Pattern won,
Kiſs the approaching, not yet angry Sun;
And in their number'd Footſteps humbly tread
The Path, where holy Oracles do lead:
How might they under ſuch a Captain raiſe
The great Deſigns, kept for the latter Days!
But, mad with Reaſon (ſo miſcall'd) of State,
They know them not, and what they know not, hate:
Hence ſtill they ſing Hoſanna to the Whore,
And Her, whom they ſhou'd Maſſacre, Adore;
But *Indians*, whom they ſhou'd convert, ſubdue,
Nor Teach, but Traffick with, or burn the *Jew*.
Unhappy Princes, Ignorantly bred,
By Malice ſome, by Error moſt miſled!
If gracious Heaven to my Life give length,
Leiſure to time, and to my Weakneſs Strength;
Then ſhall I once, with graver Accents, ſhake
The Regal Sloath, and the long Slumbers wake;
Like the ſhrill Huntſman that prevents the reſt,
Winding his Horn to thoſe that chaſe the Beaſt.

'Till

'Till then, my Muſe ſhall Halow far behind
Angelick CROMWELL, who outwings the Wind;
And in dark Nights, and in cold Shades alone
Purſues the Monſter thorough every Throne,
Which ſhrinking to her *Roman* Den impure,
Gnaſhes her gory Teeth, not there ſecure.
Hence oft I think, if in ſome happy Hour,
High Grace ſhou'd meet in one, with higheſt Power;
And then a ſeaſonable People ſtill
Should bend to His, as He to Heaven's Will:
What might we Hope, what wonderful Effect
From ſuch a wiſh'd Conjuncture might reflect?
Sure the myſterious Work, where none withſtand,
Would forthwith finiſh under ſuch a Hand;
Fore-ſhorten'd time its uſeleſs Courſe would ſtay;
And ſoon precipitate the lateſt Day.
But a thick Cloud about that Morning lyes,
And intercepts the Beams of mortal Eyes;

That

That 'tis the moſt, if we determine can;
If theſe the Times, then this muſt be the Man.
But Men, alas, as tho' they nothing car'd,
Look on, all unconcern'd, and unprepar'd:
And Stars ſtill fall, and ſtill the Dragon's Tail
Swinges the Volumes of its horrid Flail.
For the great Juſtice that did firſt ſuſpend
The World for Sin, does now the ſame extend:
Hence that bleſs'd Day, ſtill counterpoiſed waſtes,
The ill Delaying what th' Elected haſtes;
Hence landing Nature to new Seas is toſt,
And good Deſigns ſtill with their Authors loſt.

And thou great CROMWELL, for whoſe happy Birth
A Mold was choſen out of better Earth;
Whoſe Saint-like Mother we did lately ſee
Live out an Age, long as a Pedigree,
That ſhe might ſeem, could we the fall Diſpute,
T' have ſmelt the Bloſſom, and not eat the Fruit;

Tho'

Tho' none does of more laſting Parents grow,
Yet never any did them honour ſo.
Tho' thou thy Heart from Evil ſtill unſtain'd,
And alway haſt thy Tongue from Fraud refrain'd:
Thou, who, ſo oft thro' Storms of Thundring Lead,
Haſt born ſecurely thine undaunted Head;
Thy Breaſt thro' Poynarding Conſpiracies,
Drawn from the Sheath of Lying Prophecies;
Thee, Proof beyond all other Force or Skill,
Our Sins Endanger, and ſhall only Kill.
How near they fail'd, and in thy ſudden Fall,
At once Eſſay'd to over-throw us all!
Our Brutiſh Fury, ſtruggling to be Free,
Hurry'd thy Horſes, whilſt they Hurry'd thee.
When thou had'ſt almoſt quit thy mortal Cares,
And ſoil'd in Duſt thy Crown of Silver Hairs:
Let this one Sorrow interweave among
The other Glories of our Yearly Song.

Like skilful Looms, which thro' the coſtly Thread
Of purling Oar, a ſhining Wave do ſhed;
So ſhall the Tears, we on paſt Griefs employ,
Still, as they trickle, glitter in our Joy.
So, with more Modeſty, we may be true,
And ſpeak, as of the Dead, the Praiſes due;
While impious Men, deceiv'd with Pleaſures ſhort,
On their own Hopes ſhall find the Fall retort.

But the poor Beaſts, wanting the noble Guide,
(What cou'd they more?) ſhrunk guiltily aſide.
Firſt, winged Fear tranſports them far away,
And Leaden Sorrow then their Flight did ſtay.
See how they each his haughty Creſt abate,
And the green Graſs, and their own Mangers hate;
Nor thro' wide Noſtrils ſnuff the wanton Air,
Nor their round Hoofs, nor curled Mains compare.
With wandring Eyes, and reſtleſs Ears they ſtood,
And with ſhrill Neighings, ask'd him of the Wood.

Tho

Thou CROMWELL falling, not a ſtupid Tree,
Nor Rock ſo Savage, but it mourn'd for thee;
And all about was heard a panick Groan,
As if that Nature's ſelf were over-thrown.
It ſeem'd the Earth did from the Centre tear,
It ſeem'd the Sun was fall'n out of the Sphere,
Juſtice obſtructed lay, and Reaſon fool'd,
Courage diſheartened, and Religion cool'd,
A diſmal Silence through the Palace went,
And then loud Shrieks the vaulted Marble rent,
Such as the dying Chorus ſings by turns,
And to deaf Seas, and raging Tempeſts mourns,
When now they ſink, and now the plundring Streams
Break up each Deck, and rip the open Seams,
But thee triumphant hence the fiery Carr,
And furious Steeds had born out of the War,
From the low World and thankleſs Men, above,
Unto the Kingdom bleſt of Peace and Love.

We

We only mourn'd our ſelves in thine aſcent,
Whom thou haſt left behind with Mantle rent;
For all delight of Life thou then didſt loſe,
When to Command, thou didſt thy ſelf depoſe;
Reſigning up thy Privacy ſo dear,
To turn the Head-ſtrong Peoples Charioteer.
For to be CROMWELL was a greater thing,
Than ought below, or there, above a King.
Therefore thou rather didſt thy ſelf depreſs,
Yielding to rule, becauſe it made thee leſs.
For neither didſt thou from the firſt apply
Thy ſober Spirits unto Things ſo high;
But in thine own Fields exercis'dſt ſo long
An healthful Mind within a Body ſtrong;
Till at the ſeventh time, thou in the Skies,
As a ſmall Cloud, like a Man's Hand, didſt riſe.
Then did thick Miſts, and Winds the Air deform,
And down at laſt thou pour'dſt the fertile Storm,
Which to the thirſty LAND did Plenty bring,
But, tho' fore-warn'd, o're-took and wet the KING.

What ſince he did, an higher Force inſpir'd,
Still from behind, and Man before retir'd,
Tho' undiſcern'd among the Tumult blind,
Who think thoſe high Decrees by Man deſign'd.
'Twas Heaven would not that his Pow'r ſhou'd ceaſe'
But walk ſtill middle between War and Peace;
Chooſing each Stone, and poiſing every weight,
Trying the Meaſures of the Breadth and Height;
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Founding a firm State by Proportions true.

When GIDEON ſo did from the Wars retreat,
Yet by the Conqueſt of two Kings grown Great;
He on the Peace extends a War-like Power,
And ISRAEL ſilent, ſaw him raze the Tow'r;
And how he *Succoth*'s Elders durſt ſuppreſs
With Thorns and Briars of the Wilderneſs.
No King might ever ſuch a Force have done,
Yet would not he be Lord, nor yet his Son.

Thou

Thou, with the ſame Strength, and a Heart as plain,
Didſt (like thine Olive) ſtill refuſe to reign.
Tho' why ſhould others all thy Labour ſpoil,
And BRAMBLES be anointed with thy OIL?
Whoſe climbing Fame, without a timely Stop,
Had quickly levell'd ev'ry CEDAR's Top.
Therefore, firſt growing to thy ſelf a Law,
Th' ambitious SHRUBS, thou in juſt time didſt awe.

So have I ſeen at Sea, when whirling Winds,
Hurry the Bark, but more the Sea-men's Minds,
Who, with miſtaken Courſe, ſalute the Sand:
And threatning Rocks miſapprehend for Lands;
While nimble Tritons to the Shipwreck glide,
And Corpoſants along the Tackling ſlide;
The Paſſengers all wearied out before,
Giddy, and wiſhing for the fatal Shore:
Some luſty Mate, who with more careful Eye
Counted the Hours, and ev'ry Star did ſpy,

The Helm does from the Artleſs Steerſman ſtrain,
And doubles back unto the ſafer Main.
What, tho' a while they grumble diſcontent;
Saving himſelf, he does their Loſs prevent.

'Tis not a Freedom that, where All command,
No Tyranny where one do's them withſtand:
But who of *both* the Bound'rys knows to lay;
Him, as their Father, muſt the State obey.

Thou and thine Houſe, like NOAH's Eight, did reſt,
Left by the Water's Flood, on Mountain's Creſt;
And the large Vale lay ſubject to thy Will,
Which thou but as a Husbandman didſt Till;
And only would'ſt for others, plant the Vine
Of Liberty, not drunken with its Wine.

That ſober Liberty which Men may have,
That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave;

And such as to their Father's Tents do press,
May shew their own, not see his Nakedness.
Yet such a Chammish Issue still does rage,
The Shame, and Plague, both of the Land and Age;
Who watch'd thy Haltings, and thy Fall deride,
Rejoycing when thy Foot had slip'd aside;
That their new King might the fifth Sceptre shake,
And make the World, by his Example, quake;
Whose frantick Army, should they want for Men,
Might muster Heresies, so One were Ten.
What's thy Misfortune, they the Spirit call,
And their Religion only is to fall.

Oh *Mahomet!* Now, couldst thou rise again,
Thy falling Sickness would have made thee Reign.
While Fox and Symps on would in many a Tome,
Have writ the Comments of thy sacred Foam;
For soon thou might'st have pass'd among their Rant,
Were it but for thine unmov'd *Tulipant.*

As thou muſt needs have own'd them of thy Band,
For Prophetſies fit to be *Alchoran'd*.

Accurſed Locuſts, whom their King doth ſpit
Out of the Center of th' unbottom'd Pit;
Wand'rers, Adult'rers, Lyars, Monſters, Reſt,
Sorcerers, Atheiſts, Jeſuits poſſeſt.
You, who the Scriptures, and the Law deface,
With the ſame Liberty as Points and Lace.
Oh Race! Moſt Hypocritically ſtrict,
Bent to reduce us to the Antient *Pict*.
Well may you act the ADAM and the EVE,
Ah! and the Serpent too that did deceive.
But the great Captain, now the Danger's o're,
Makes you, for his ſake, tremble one Fit more;
And, to their Spight, returning yet alive,
Does with Himſelf all that is Good revive.

So when Man firſt did thro' the Morning new
See the bright Sun his ſhining race purſue,

All Day he follow'd with unwearied Sight,
Pleas'd with the other World of moving Light;
But thought him, when he miſt his ſetting Beams,
Sunk in the Hills, or plung'd below the Streams:
While diſmal black hung round the Univerſe,
And Stars, like Tapers, burnt upon his Hearſe;
And Owls, and Ravens, with their ſcreeching Noiſe,
Did make the Funeral ſadder by their Joys;
His weeping Eyes the doleful Vigils keep,
Not knowing yet the Night was made for Sleep.
Still, where he loſt him, to the *Weſt* he turn'd,
And with ſuch Accents, as deſpairing, mourn'd;
Why did mine Eyes once ſee ſo fair A ray?
Or, Why dawn laſts no longer than a Day!
When, ſtrait the Sun behind him he deſcry'd,
Smiling ſerenely from the farther Side.

So while our Star, that gave us Light and Heat,
Seem'd now a long and gloomy Night to threat;

Up from the other World, his Flame doth dart,
And Princes (ſhining thro' their Windows) ſtart,
Who their ſuſpected Councellors refuſe,
And credulous Ambaſſadors accuſe.

Is this, ſays one, the Nation that we read,
Spent with both Wars, under a Captain dead?
Yet rigg a Navy while we dreſs us late,
And, e're we dine, raze, and rebuild a State.
What Oaken Foreſts, and what Golden Mines,
What Mints of Men, what Union of Deſigns?
Unleſs their Ships do (as their Fowl) proceed
Of ſhedding Leaves, that with their Ocean breed.
Their's are not Ships, but rather Arts of War,
And beaked Promontories, ſail'd from far;
Of floating Islands, a new hatched Neſt,
A Fleet of Worlds, of other Worlds in Queſt,
An hideous Shoal of Wood *Leviathans*,
Arm'd with three Tires of Brazen Hurricanes;

That

That thro' the Center shoot their thund'ring side,
And sink the Earth that doth at Anchor ride.
What Refuge to escape them can be found,
Whose wat'ry Leaguers all the *World* surround?
Needs must we all their Tributaries be,
Whose Navy's hold the Sluices of the Sea.

The Ocean is the Fountain of Command,
But, that once took, we Captives are on Land:
And those that have the Waters for their share,
Can quickly leave us neither Earth nor Air.
Yet if thro' these our Fears cou'd find a Pass,
Thro' double Oak, and lin'd with treble Brass;
Yet one Man still (altho' but nam'd) alarms
More than all Men, all Navies, and all Arms.
Him all the Day, Him in late Nights I dread,
And still his Sword seems hanging o're my head.
The Nation had been ours, but His one Soul
Moves the Grand Bulk, and animates the Whole.

He Secrefy with Number hath inchas'd,
Courage with Age, Maturity with Haſte.
The Valiant's Terror, Riddle of the Wiſe,
And ſtill his Falcion all our Knots Unties.
Where did He learn thoſe Arts that coſt us dear?
Where? below Earth? or Where? above the Sphere?
He ſeems a King by long Succeſſion born,
And yet the ſame to be a King doth ſcorn.
Abroad a King he ſeems, and ſomething more,
At Home a Subject on the equal Floor.
O could I once Him with our Title ſee,
So ſhould I hope that He might dye as We!
But let them Write his Praiſe that love him beſt,
It grieves me ſore to have thus much confeſt.

Pardon, Great Prince, if thus their Fear, or Spight,
More than our Love, or Duty, do thee Right.
I yield, nor farther will the Prize contend,
So that we both alike may miſs our End;

While

While thou thy Venerable Head doſt raiſe
As far above their Malice, as our Praiſe:
And, as the Angel of our Common-weal,
Troubling the Waters yearly, make them heal.

While thou thy Venerable Head doſt raiſe
As far above their Malice, as our Praiſe:
And, as the Angel of our Common-weal,
Troubling the Waters ſcarſ, make them heal.

A PASTORAL COURTSHIP.

A

PASTORAL

COURTSHIP.

PASTORAL *Courtship.*

BEHOLD these Woods, and mark, my Sweet,
How all the Boughs together meet.
The Cedar his fair Arms displays,
And mixeth Branches with the Bays;
The lofty Pines daign to descend,
And sturdy Oaks do gently bend;
One with another subtly weaves,
Into one Loom, their various Leaves,

As

As all ambitious were to be
Mine, and my *Phyllis*'s Canopy.

Let's enter, and discourse our Loves,
These are, my Dear, no Tell-tale Groves;
There dwell no Pyes, or Parrots there,
To prate again the Words they hear;
Nor Babling Eccho, that will tell
The Neighbouring Hills one Syllable.

Being enter'd, let's together lie,
Twin'd like the *Zodiack's Gemini*.

How soon the Flowers do sweeter smell!
And all with Emulation swell
To be thy Pillow, these for thee
A Bed were meant, and thou for me;
And I may with as just Esteem
Press thee, as thou mayst lie on them.

And why so Coy, what doſt thou fear?
There lurks no ſpeckled Serpent here,
Nor venomous Beaſt makes this his Road,
No Canker, nor the noiſom Toad,
That one poor Spider on the Tree,
Thy Spinſter, will no Poyſoner be.
There is no Frog, to leap, and fright
Thee from mine Arms, and break Delight;
Nor Snake that o're thy Coat ſhall trace,
And leave behind a ſlimy Lace.
This is the Hallow'd Shrine of Love,
No Waſp, nor Hornet, haunts this Grove;
No Piſmire, that may Pimples raiſe
On thy fair Boſom, or thy Face.
No danger in theſe Shades doth lie,
Nothing that wears a Sting, but I.

Being ſet, let's ſport a while, my Fair,
I will tie Love-knots in thy Hair;

See, *Zephyrus* thro the Leaves doth ſtray,
And has free Liberty to play,
And braid thy Locks; and ſhall I find
Leſs Favour than a ſaucy Wind?
Now let me ſit, and fix my Eyes
On thee, that art my Paradiſe:
Thou art my all, my Spring remains
In the fair Violets of thy Veins;
And that it is a Summer's Day,
Ripe Cherrys in thy Lips diſplay;
And when for Autumn I would ſeek,
It is for Apples in thy Cheek:
But that which only moves my Smart,
Is to ſee Winter in thy Heart.
Strange when at once, in one appear
All the four Seaſons of the Year.

I'll claſp that Neck, where ſhall be ſet
A rich and Orient Carkanet.

But Swains are poor; admit of then
More nat'ral Chains, the Arms of Men:
Come let me touch thoſe Breaſts, that ſwell
Like two fair Mountains, and may well
Be ſtil'd the Alps, but that, I fear,
The Snow has leſs of Whiteneſs there.

But ſtay my Love, a Fault I ſpy,
Why are theſe two fair Fountains dry?
Which, if they run, no Muſe would pleaſe
To taſte of any Spring but theſe:
And *Ganymede* employ'd ſhou'd be
To fetch *Jove* Nectar, Love, from thee.
Thou ſhalt be Nurſe, fair *Venus* ſwears,
To the next *Cupid* that ſhe bears.

Tho' Garments cloud my farther View,
And with feign'd Beauties veil the true:
Fancy ſtill unconfin'd will pry,
And range or'e ev'ry Myſtery.

But let me not long feed upon
Barren Imagination.
Now humbly I look down; but when
I view thoſe feet, which I have ſeen
So nimble trip it o're the Lawns,
That all the Satyrs, and the Fawns
Have ſtood amaz'd, when they wou'd paſs
Over the Ears, and not a Graſs
Should feel the Weight, nor Ruſh, nor Bent
Drooping, betray'd which way ſhe went:
Oh! then I felt my hot Deſire
Burn more, and flame with double Fire.

Come let thoſe Arms, thoſe Legs, thoſe Feet,
With mine in thouſand Windings meet,
Woven in more ſubtil Twines,
Than *Woodbine*, *Ivy*, or the Vines:
For, when Love ſees us circling thus,
He'll like no Arbor more than us.

Now let us Kiſs; Would you be gone?
Manners at leaſt affords me one.
Bluſh you at this, Pretty One? Stay,
And I will wipe that Kiſs away;
This with a ſecond, and that too
A third wipes off, ſo will we go
To Numbers that the Stars out-run,
And all the Atoms of the Sun;
For tho' we kiſs till *Phœbus* Ray
Sink in the Sea, and Kiſſing ſtay
Till his bright Beams return again,
There can of all but one remain:
And if for one good Manners call,
In one, good Manners, grant me all.

Are Kiſſes all? they but fore-run
Another Duty to be done.
What would you of that Minſtrel ſay,
That tunes his Pipes, and will not play?

Say, what are Bloſſoms in their prime,
That ripen not in Harveſt time?
Or, what are Buds that ne'er diſcloſe
The long'd for Sweetneſs of the *Roſe*?
So Kiſſes, to a Lover's Gueſt,
Are Invitations, not the Feaſt.

See every thing that we eſpye,
Is fruitful, ſaving you and I.
View all the Fields, Survey the Bowers,
The Buds, the Bloſſoms, and the Flowers;
And ſay, if they ſo rich cou'd be
In barren baſe Virginity.
Earth's not ſo coy as you are now,
But willingly admits the Plough;
For how had Man, or Beaſt been fed,
If ſhe had kept her Maidenhead?
Cælia, once baſhful as the reſt,
Hangs now a Babe on either Breaſt;

And *Cloris*, ſince a Man ſhe took,
Has leſs of Paleneſs in her look.
Our Yews have yeen'd, and every Dam
Gives Suck unto her Tender Lamb.

As by theſe Groves we walk'd along,
Some Birds were feeding of their Young;
Some on their Eggs were brooding ſet,
Sad they had not hatcht them yet;
Thoſe that were ſlower than the reſt,
Were buſy building of their Neſt.
You only will not pay the Fine
You vow'd, and owe to *Valentine*.

As you were Angling in the Brook,
With ſilken Line, and ſilver Hook;
Through cryſtal Streams you might deſcry
How vaſt and numberleſs a Fry.
The Fiſh had ſpawn'd, that all along
The Banks were crowded with the Throng.

And ſhall fair *Venus* more command
By Water, than ſhe does by Land?
The *Phœnix* chaſte, yet when ſhe dies,
Her ſelf within her Aſhes lies:
But let thy Love more wiſely thrive,
And give the World thy like, and live.

'Tis time we left our childiſh Love,
That trades for Toys, and now approve
Our abler Skill; they are not wiſe,
Look Babies only in the Eyes,
That Smooth'red Smile ſhew'd what you meane,
And modeſt Silence gives Conſent.
That which we now prepare, will be
Beſt done in ſilent Secreſy.

Come, do not weep; what is't you fear?
Leaſt ſome ſhou'd know what we did here?

See, not a Flower you preſs'd is dead,
But re-erects her bended Head;
That whoſoe're ſhall paſs this Way,
Knows not by this, where PHYLLIS lay;
And in your Forehead there is none
Can read the Act that we have done.

PHYLLIS.

POOR, Credulous, and Simple Maid,
By what ſtrange Wiles art thou betray'd!
A Treaſure thou haſt loſt to day,
For which thou canſt no Ranſom pay.
How ſtrange a Guilt gnaws me within!
How black am I, transform'd by Sin!
Grief will convert this red to pale,
When every Wake, and *Whitſun* Ale
Shall talk my Shame; break, break, ſad Heart,
There is no Med'cine for my Smart;
No Herb, nor Balm can cure my Sorrow,
Unleſs you come again to morrow.

A Hue and Cry after CUPID.

IN

Imitation of the *Greek*.

BEAUTIES, have you ſeen a Toy,
Called Love, a little Boy,
Almoſt Naked, Wanton, Blind,
Cruel now, and then as Kind;
If he be amongſt you, ſay;
He's from *Venus* run away.

Marks about him he has many,
You may know him, one from any;
All his Body is a Fire,
And his Breath a Flame intire:

Which being shot like Lightning in,
Wounds the Heart, but not the Skin.

She that can but now discover,
Where this winged Lad doth Hover;
Shall to night receive a Kiss,
When, and where her Heart can wish.
But, who brings him to his Mother,
Shall have that Kiss, and another.

A SONG.

ASK me no longer, whither ſtray
The Golden Atoms of the day;
For in pure Love did Heav'n prepare
Theſe Powders to enrich your Hair.

Ask me no longer, whither haſte
The *Nightingales*, when *May* is paſt;
For in your ſweet dividing Throat
They Winter, and keep warm each Note.

Ask me no more where Stars ſtill light,
Which downward fall at dead of Night;
For in your Eyes they ſet, and there
Fixed become, as in their Sphere.

A LOVER's PASSION.

WHY should Passion lead me blind,
Because my Lydia proves Unkind?
She's yet too Young to know Delight,
And is not Plum'd for *Cupid*'s flight;
She cannot yet, in Height of Pleasure,
Pay her Lover equal Measure;
But, like the *Rose*, new blown, doth feed
The Eye alone, but bears no Seed.
She, as yet but in her Spring,
Cannot love, till *Cupid* bring

A hotter Seaſon, with his Fires,
Which will ripen her Deſires:
Autumn will ſhortly come to greet her,
Making her Taſte and Colour ſweeter.
Then her Ripeneſs will be ſuch,
That ſhe'll fall ev'n with a Touch.

A LOVER TO HIS *MISTRESS.*

I'LL tell you how the *Roſe* did firſt grow red,
And whence the *Lilly* whiteneſs borrowed;
You Bluſhed, and the *Roſe* with red was dight,
The *Lilly* kiſs'd your Hand, and ſo came white.
Before that time, each *Roſe* had but a Stain,
The *Lilly* nought but Paleneſs did contain.
You have the native Colours, thoſe the dye,
They flouriſh only in your Livery.

ARCHI-

ARCHIBELLA.

FAIR *Archibella*, to thine Eyes,
That paint just Blushes on the Skies,
Each noble Breast doth sacrifice.

Then be not cruel, 'cause you may,
When e're you please, or save, or slay,
And with a Frown benight the Day.

I do not beg that you may rest
In an inforced high Way Breast,
The Lodging of each common Guest:

But I present a bleeding Heart,
Which never felt a former Smart,
Wounded by Love, not hurt by Art.

Be pleas'd to ſmile, and then I live,
But if you frown, a Death you give,
For which it were a Sin to grieve.

But if it be decree'd, I fall,
Grant this one Boon, one Boon is all,
That me your Martyr you will call.

ON

ON A WATCH

Sent to a GENTLEWOMAN.

GO, and count her better Hours,
That more happy are than ours;
That Day, that gives her any Bliſs,
Make it twice as long as 'tis;
The Hour ſhe ſmiles in, let it be,
By thine Art, increas'd to Three;
But if ſhe frown on me, or thee,
Know Night is made by her, not thee:
Be ſwift in ſuch an Hour, and ſoon
Make it Night, tho' it be Noon;
Obey her Times, who is the Free,
Fair Sun that governs thee and me.

THE DYING LOVER.

SOme Powers regard me, or my Heart will burn,
Till it convert my Bosom to an Urn;
I call not you, Physicians; how you spread
The fatal Curtains of a sick Man's Bed!
Hence from about me; Herbs, nor Minerals can
Cure the Consumption of a Love-sick Man.
No Hills of Snow, no Cakes of Ice the Flood
Bears down, can make a Julip for my Blood.

You climbing Waves, if haply at this Hour,
There be some new *Leander* in your Power;
O! let his Voyage calmer Fortune try:
'Twere pity the Belov'd again shou'd die.
And you fierce Winds, Troublers of Seas and Skyes,
Before whose Wrath the white wing'd Vessel flyes;
Cease persecuting Wretches on the Main,
And cool me with a Storm; but 'twere in vain.
I sprinkle Tears, and with my Sighs, and Breath,
I blow Flames, only to be quench'd by Death.
See where he comes, how pale, how far unlike
Her beauteous shape, that sent him, Wouldst thou strike?
'Tis done already, look upon my Heart,
Perhaps thou know'st not when thou threw'st the Dart.
She mocks both thee, and Love; not as you will,
But as she guides your Hands, you save, or kill.
Perhaps you reign'd in time past; but in mine,
Her Smiles are Love-darts, and her Frowns are thine.
I've seen her mix a sad Look with a sweet,
Then Life and Death, all Joys, all Torments meet.

Like twy-light, which her Lover could not say,
Whether his Fear brought Night, or Hope saw Day;
Which I must see no more. If you enquire
What Wonder this might be, please you, desire,
It is a Beauty, such as might give Breath
To senseless Pictures, but to me 'tis Death.
Farewell, sweet Muses, your Friend's Death deplore,
Whom you were not *Medeas* to restore.
Love, let me kiss thy Hand, by which I fall;
Now thou hast kill'd me with a Cordial.
Death, cry thee Mercy, Love's command extends
So far, I saw not thine; but we'll meet friends.
I feel thee in my Marrow; thy shaft lurks,
With a cold Poyson tip'd, now, now it works:
What Anguish this? But now my Breath did glow,
Ætna was not so fiery; now I grow
More cold than are the *Alps*; I am like one
Tos'd from the Torrid, to the frigid Zone:
A Winter's in my Blood, my Veins freeze o're,
It snows upon my Heart; I can no more

Move my contracted Sinews: If there be,
Of all that in their Tears would bury me,
Some poor forsaken Virgin, that did mean
All Faith, and found no Justice, let her glean
The Ruins of my Heart; the rest convey
To any darksom Grove, where Turtles may
Mourn out my Elegy. Write upon my Tomb,
I had a FAIR JUDGE, but a CRUEL DOOM.

Upon a

Lady's Sickneſs.

CÆLIA is ſick, and oh! if *Cælia* die!
What will become of our Eternity?
The Sun muſt loſe his Glory, Moon her Light,
The Day be turn'd to everlaſting Night;
Thoſe Stars muſt ſhoot, that Spangle now the Sky,
For Grief the very Soul of Man will die;
Should Heav'n deſcend to Earth, this Earth we ſee,
Will turn to *Chaos* for the Loſs of thee.

ON A

SIGH.

GO, thou gentle, whiſtling Wind,
Bear this Sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruel Fair doth reſt,
Caſt it in her ſnowy Breaſt;
The ſweet Kiſſes, thou ſhalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy Pain.
Taſte her Lips, and then confeſs
If *Arabia* doth poſſeſs,
Or the *Hybla* honour'd Hill,
Sweets like thoſe that hence diſtill.
Having got ſo rich a Fee,
Do another Boon for me;

Thou canſt with thy powerful Blaſt,
Heat apace, or cool as faſt;
Then, for Pity, either ſtir
Up the Fire of Love in her;
That alike both Flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

TO

ON A FOUNTAIN.

THESE *Dolphins*, twiſted in each other's ſide,
For Joy leapt up, and gazing there abide;
And while all other Waters Fiſh do bring,
Here from the Fiſhes doth the Water ſpring;
Who think it is more glorious far to give,
Than to receive, the Juice whereby they live:
And by this Milk-white Baſon learn you may,
That you pure Hands ſhould bring, or bear away,
For which the Baſon wants no Furniture,
Each *Dolphin* waiting, makes his Mouth an Ewer.
Your welcome then you may well underſtand,
When Fiſh themſelves give Water to your Hand.

TO His MISTRESS.

THINK not, dear Love, that I'll reveal
The Hours of Pleaſure we did ſteal;
No Eye ſhall ſee, nor yet the Sun
Deſcry what thou and I have done.
The God of Love himſelf, whoſe Dart
Firſt wounded mine, and then thy Heart,
He ſhall not know what we can tell,
What Sweets in ſtoln Embraces dwell.
This only Means may find it out,
If, when I die, Phyſicians doubt
What caus'd my Death, and there to view,
(Of all their Judgments) which was true;
Rip up my Heart; oh! then I fear,
The World will ſee thy Picture there.

TO
His MISTRESS,
Not to Torment Him.

KEEP on your Mask, and hide your Eye,
For with beholding you I die;
Your fatal Beauty, Gorgon-like,
Dead with Aſtoniſhment will ſtrike;
Your Piercing Eyes, if them I ſee,
Are worſe than Baſilisks to me.

Put from mine Eyes thoſe Hills of Snow;
That melting Valley do not ſhow;
Thoſe Azure Paths lead to Deſpair.
Oh vex me not, forbear, forbear,

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His MISTRESS.

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The Hours of Pleaſure we did ſteal;
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Put from mine Eyes thoſe Hills of Snow;
That melting Valley do not ſhow;
Thoſe Azure Paths lead to Deſpair.
Oh vex me not, forbear, forbear,

For whilſt I thus in Torments dwell,
The Sight of Heav'n is worſe than Hell.

Your dainty Voice, and warbling Breath,
Sounds like a Sentence paſs'd for Death;
Your curious Treſſes are become
Like Inſtruments of final Doom.
If then an Angel torture ſo,
When Life is done, Where ſhall I go?

Endymion's LOVE.

GO hunt the whiter Ermin, and preſent
His wealthy Skin, as this day's Tribute, ſent
To my Endymion's Love, tho' ſhe be far
More gentle ſmooth, more ſoft than Ermins are:
Go climb the Rock, and when thou there haſt found
A Star, contracted in a Diamond,
Giv't to Endymion's Love, whoſe equal Eyes
Out-ſhine the ſtarry Jewels of the Skies.
Go dive into the Southern Pool, and when
Thou'ſt found, to trouble the nice Sight of Men,
A ſwel ing Pearl, and ſuch whoſe matchleſs Worth,
Of *Indian* Mines to equal't comes not forth,

Give

Give to Endymion's Love, whose Ivory Hairs
Would more enrich the skilful Jewellers.
How I command, how slowly they obey!
The sullen *Tartar* will not hunt to day;
Nor will the lazy *Indian* strive
To climb the Rock, nor the dull *Negro* dive:
Thus Poets, like to Kings, by Trust deceived,
Give what is oftner heard of, than receiv'd.

A SONG.

WHEN *Phœbus* firſt did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her Fancy move;
He crav'd the Cauſe; The Cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Is, I have vow'd Virginity.
Then *Phœbus*, raging ſwore, and ſaid,
Paſt Fifteen none ſhould die a Maid.
If Maidens then chance to be ſped,
E're they can ſcarcely dreſs their Head;
Yet blame them not, for they are loath,
To make *Apollo* break his Oath;
And better were a Child unborn,
Than that a God ſhou'd be forſworn.

Yet ſilly they, when all is done,
Complain, Mens Wits their Hearts have won;
When 'tis for fear, leſt they ſhou'd be,
With *Daphne*, turn'd into a Tree:
And who would ſo her ſelf abuſe,
To be a Tree, if ſhe cou'd chuſe?

FINIS.